July 14, 1843

My family and I woke up. We started to pack the wagon train with our clothes, cooking utensils, the ax, the hammer and other necessary tools. We had a big brackfast to hold us over until the evening because we had a long day of traveling ahead of us. We started our journey at Bent’s Old Fort, and set our ending point for San Miguel. I had to keep a good lukout for Indians along the way. I must keep my gun close at hand in case of attack.

While traveling the very rocke and long road we met some Indians of the Chelkfolvia Nation. I had one of the young men of this nation guide my family and I to some food. When we were walking down the river to find some food my son, Andrew, fell into the river. He went down the river and grabbed onto the rock in the river to hold himself back. I jumped into the river to save him but it was too late. He lost his grip and went down the river. We were never to see him again. The very nice Indians held a funeral for him right where he fell in. We were all depressed but Mary, my wife, took it the hardest. She said he did not die and would be at the end of the river. I told her not to go because it could be treacherous. She didn’t listen to me. I went down the river and there she was on the ground dead. She had been attacked by hostile Indians.

Why did she go? Why didn’t she listen to me? Was it because she loved Andrew? These are the questions I asked myself. I had no one to talk to, no one to be with. Luckily the Indians were there to help me through the next couple of days. I had to travel by myself until I found a friendly wagon train to accompany me. Today was a hard day, but I got through it.

By: Ben